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### Chapter 2

Maimie stopped short. That was real thunder, and she hated thunder storms. She said "hated" because she would not say "afraid." But she felt she did not want to hide at all!

It was quite a relief when she heard pursuing footsteps and Adam came racing down the path. He had not guessed Maimie was running away and supposed she had meant to run off alone to fetch the cloth.

"Say! we might all go together," he said. "Wait for Ann. There's going to be some storm."

Maimie's heart went thumpety-thump. Should she explain that she was in a bad temper? Adam's friendly smile made it seem impossible. It is quite a good cure for a bad temper when people do not notice it!

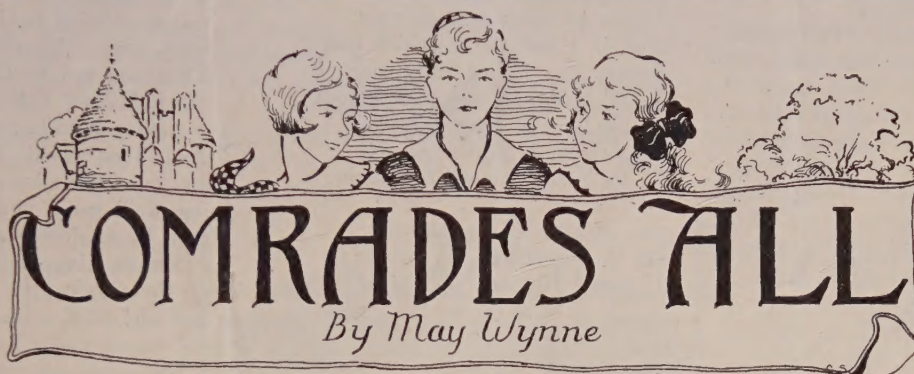
And Maimie was very wise to fight down that foolish feeling of not wanting anyone in her attic.

Ann came scrambling through the undergrowth in a great hurry. "It's going to pelt," she said; "what a pity we aren't ducks. Must we go in or shall we make for the lofts?"

"Maimie knows where tent stuff is," said Adam; "we can pretend we've found a wreck stranded on the coast. At present we are ship-wrecked sailors. Say, mates, I could eat a whale! It's some game to be starved."

"Shall we run?" suggested Maimie; "that lightning looked forked." She tried hard to feel like a ship-wrecked sailor and not a rather frightened little girl.

Adam had pounced on a crab-apple tree, but alas! the



crab apples had barely been christened by St. Swithin and grew high up out of reach.

"We'd best hustle," said Adam, "or the sharks might take a fancy to us. Shore ahead. Straight for the—h'm kitchen door . . . I mean island shore. If we had a raft—" He found his legs quite as useful and the three reached the Castle kitchens only heavily sprinkled with rain.

"It'll shake off," said Ann. "I like

this desert island. I'm sure spiders and rats and things live here. Isn't it old?"

"These cheesecakes look new," said Adam with a chuckle; "we might call them oysters, eh? found on the beach. Some oysters! Now for escape. I hear the natives returning to their village."

Maimie was quite in a whirl. Adam and Ann seemed so thoroughly to imagine themselves real ship-wrecked sailors! But it was rather clever to imagine those yellow, fluffy cheesecakes were only oysters. How cross Phoebe the cook would be!

But she filled her pocket in obedience to orders and led the way to the attics. She must try to forget she had ever been a very lonely little girl in a Castle where no playmates ever came.

She did not take Adam and Ann to the magic attic first, and they were quite happy for a time racing and scrambling about these unexplored "desert islands," till at last Adam remembered the tent covering.

"The storm is passing," he said, "I guess we shall soon be able to go back to the wood."

And he poked his head out of the little window.

A sudden flash of lightning and crack of thunder warned him that it does not do to be too sure.

"These natives have fire-arms," he said quite seriously as he jumped back. "We must be on the watch. Time for refreshments! Where are the oysters?"

"They've got rather squashed in our pockets," said Ann, "but they'll taste good. Are we to sit on the ground? I was thinking of serpents."

"Ow!" said Maimie.



"Rushing forward, Adam had tripped, and had fallen headlong down the chute."



"What ho!" cheered Adam, "is it a cobra or a boa-constrictor?"

Maimie trembled. "A mouse," she wailed. "I saw it."

So did Adam and there was a quick race, but the mouse was down its hole before Adam could reach it.

"Never mind," he said cheerfully, "we'll leave it some crumbs. Now about the tent."

Maimie was feeling better about the next attic.

"It is in here," she said, opening the door.

Adam and Ann were soon inside.

"Look," said Ann, "sweet peas; how nice. Who put them there?"

"I did," replied Maimie. "This is *my* attic. I call it the magic one because I make up all my magic tales here. I couldn't have real adventures all alone so I dreamed them in my magic attic."

Adam nodded. "The captured princess's prison," said he. "Would you rather we didn't come in?"

That was nice of Adam, wasn't it? And it made Maimie feel that she didn't mind how much he came in. And there were lots of things to see beside the tent covering. Queer old odds and ends, lots of which Adam was sure would come in very useful for the wigwam. The search was much more exciting because it was not just a pile of rubbish they turned over, but the spoiled cargo of a ship-wrecked "Trader."

The storm was quite over when they came downstairs, and the sun was shining.

"That *can't* be the dinner gong," cried Ann in horror as they were about to open the garden door.

But it was, and it took quite five minutes before the stains of travel—and dust—had been removed and they could reach the dining room. Mother was alone today as father was away on business; she shook her head at the three children. "I nearly sent away the green peas, Chicks," she said. "You know the rule. No treats for late comers." Adam guessed the rule had not been enforced because of Maimie and when the green peas were handed him he said "No thank you." Mother smiled but she did not say anything. She could trust Adam.

Maimie was not sorry to hear it would be too wet to go back to the woods. She half hoped they might all go to the magic attic and tell each other fairy stories, but this would not at all suit restless Adam.

"We must watch out," he said, "and when the shower stops make a bolt for the lofts. We can have a hay fight,—and call it a battle between Red Indians and Early Settlers."

Ann cheered when the right moment came. She would rather have given up the idea of going out at all than wait about.

Maimie was thinking that Jack Hub-

## May Morning

By FLORENCE HOFFMASTER

Oh, so early in the morning,  
Of the merry month of May,  
Just before the dawn comes stealing,  
All the flower fairies play  
In the budding daffodils,  
And the green grass on the hills,  
When the yellow violets peep  
And the clover blossoms sleep.  
Oh, so early in the morning,  
Of the merry month of May,  
If you hurry in the dawning,  
You may see the fairies play.

Hide behind a friendly oak tree,  
Listen to the wee folk sing,  
And if Puck, the mischief maker,  
Snares you in the fairy ring,  
You'll remember moon-lit places,  
In the land of long ago,  
Music like a golden sunset  
In the place you used to know.

Oh, so early in the morning  
Of the merry month of May,  
If you really love the fairies,  
You'll be sure to see them play.

bard, the boy, had twice seen rats in the hay loft.

"Are you ready, are you ready?" sang Adam, and off they ran. They reached the lofts in safety, though Adam was nearly caught in the next shower by waiting to fill his cap with gooseberries.

"We shall want refreshments after a battle," he said. "Say, though, we won't begin with the fight, we want to see right round first."

The Castle lofts were rather nice, for they ran the whole length of the Castle sheds and farm-horse stables. There were beams to be climbed, too, and a pigeon loft to be explored.

"There are such crowds of things to do," said Adam, "didn't you always find that, Maimie? I wish we need not go to bed at all. I want to do six things all at once. Guess I hardly know where to begin. This is some place. And I'll want to climb all the trees in the orchard. Ann can climb, too. Can you, Maimie?"

Maimie shook her head. Adam did rather take her breath away.

"I . . . I never tried to climb very high," she confessed. "You see I never had any one to play with excepting Fenella Ward, the Vicar's little girl. They have gone away, now. I didn't mind. Fenella didn't care for games. She liked sewing, and talking to grown-up people. She didn't even believe in fairies, and she thought my magic attic was silly."

Adam roared. "Some silly!" he said, "I'm glad you're not like that. We'll teach you to play. It'll be easy because you understand about make-believe. If you could not imagine you were *really*

a Red Indian, or a ship-wrecked sailor, or a Robin-Hood band, or something like that, you could never *play*."

Maimie looked wise as she clenched her hands to her sides. "I know," she agreed, "it's best to make believe. I . . . I'm make-believing I don't mind rats!"

"That's sporty," chuckled Ann. "I guess that's me, too. We're goin' to be heroines like Anne Hutchinson who escaped from the Red Indians who wanted to scalp her hundreds of years ago. Now, Adam, we'll begin to play. I'll be Weetamo, the Indian Squaw."

"I'm going to be Mocowando, the Chief," replied Adam, "but we can't leave Maimie to be the only Englishman. Guess we'll all be Indian trackers on the war path. That'll be the first game. Then you can be Choctaws and I'll be a Saco Indian fighting you. This hay's too nice not to have a bit of a battle with. And then we'll eat gooseberries and start another adventure. If it's not raining we'll get a supply of apples in and then be explorers up one of the rivers."

Maimie clapped her hands. The dreams of the magic attic must be coming true and oh! what a long way away that horrid school and Uncle Reynel seemed!

She made quite a clever tracker though she could not help thinking of the rats. It would be so dreadful if one bit her. And I don't think she was very good as a hay-fighter. Her aim was crooked and she got rather bewildered. Ann was quite a match for Adam and chased him along the loft with truly Red-Indian-like screams which Maimie echoed with a cry of dismay.

"The trap door!" cried Maimie. "Oh, do take care. The trap door down which the hay slides—"

But the warning came too late.

Rushing forward, Adam had tripped, and before he could stop himself, had fallen headlong down the chute which shot the hay into the mangers of the farm horses.

(To be continued)

## Rain Song

By JESSIE M. DOWLIN

The robin began it in early twilight —  
Over and over I heard him recite  
The very same tune in the very same  
tree;  
He sang but he paid no attention to me.

And then the small tree toad rehearsed a  
brief song —  
He sang very clearly and sang very long;  
He sang very shrilly, then hummed for  
a bit,  
But never a note did that tree toad omit.

And what were they singing again and  
again?

Why, robin and tree toad were asking  
for rain!



## A Week of Music

By Leah Addisson Kazmark

**S**TARTING on the first Sunday in May is a week that will honor music in America, "National Music Week." President Hoover is the honorary president of the national committee and the governors of the states are to aid him in giving notice that an entire week will be devoted to thinking of this pleasant art. "Music for Everybody—Everybody for Music" is the slogan.

Truly, everyone loves music. It is a very old art. The Bible books mention the music of the Hebrews over and over. David was a musician and a writer of music. Upon his harp he played lovely tunes and sang songs which he himself had composed as a youth. In the temple the old songs might have been heard while harps, lyres, clashing brass cymbals and trumpets accompanied the voices.

Everyone loves music still. It is heard at home, at school, and in the churches. At first, when America was young, the songs were those from the mother-lands across the sea,—France, Spain, Holland and England. The Pilgrim churches used the *Bay Psalm Book*, an old collection of English hymns, but for many years people sang as best they could, unaccompanied, for no organ was allowed.

After a time the young folks wanted more music. Singing schools came into fashion where old tunes were sung by all the singers of a community. The School Master led them, using his tuning fork to start them on the proper key and beating time with his birch stick that had made many a boy dance when used on legs.

As America became older and larger, music played a greater part, for every nation loves melody. Soon a few American pieces were written. Francis Hopkinson, a close friend of George Washington's, wrote music and got together a large "tune book" for use in both schools and churches. He lived in Philadelphia and his book was published there in 1759. It had a warm welcome. He was asked to write others. This he did and a collection which he named *Seven Songs*, he dedicated to his good friend down in Virginia,—Washington.

Thus credit is given to Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, as the first American writer of music. His original pieces are owned by the government and may be seen, if you travel to Washington, in the Library of Congress. It was his son, Joseph, who is so well known because he wrote "Hail, Columbia." So much honor has gone to this noted writer of a patriotic song that his father has been

almost forgotten. Music Week will give him honor as the first to write songs upon this soil.

That interesting Colonial person, Benjamin Franklin, was a lover of music. He could play the harp, the violin and the 'cello. He gave music lessons to his little daughter, Sarah, for he wanted her to learn to enjoy music. Washington, too, had young Nellie Custis take lessons, buying her an expensive harpsichord, those tiny pianos of long ago. Franklin tried to get his home city, Philadelphia, to have more public concerts as they did in France, where he had been on business for the Colonies. It was due to his efforts that that fine old oratorio by Handel, "The Messiah," was given in this country.

As America grew into a great nation of many people, music written by Americans was used and music of other nations, too. This is a country of many races today. Since nations are all broth-

ers and belong to God's large family, our music tells of them all. It comes from every country to make our musical life richer by its variety.

So we shall keep "National Music Week" to honor this very old art of making melody. Some of us sing, some of us play on instruments, and some of us can do neither. But we all enjoy and love music. It is to show our appreciation for this ancient Muse, that the Greeks so honored, that we will give attention to this week set aside to honor music.

## Where It Originated

By JUNE DOUGLASS

Haven't you often wondered why a Red Cross is the symbol of nursing? A Swiss gentleman, Monsieur Henri Dunant, first pointed out to the world the duty that humanity owed to soldiers.

In the course of a holiday, Dunant found himself behind the scene of the Battle of Solferino, in 1859, and he was so struck by the plight of the wounded, that he afterwards brought out, at his own cost, a booklet in which he vividly described the terrible manner in which the wounded suffered.

This booklet was translated into many languages, and led in 1863 to a conference on the matter, which was held in Switzerland partly as a compliment to Dunant and partly because the country was regarded as neutral ground aloof from the turmoil of the European politics.

Various resolutions as to the humane conduct of the future warfare were passed, and it was decided that the Swiss ensign of a white cross on a red ground, reversed, should be the standard of the new humanity. So the Red Cross of mercy came into being.

## Nature's Ways

By ELVIRA JONES

Nature has the queerest ways

That I have ever seen.

Why should the sun turn my hands brown,

And turn the leaves all green?

Just how a wiggly, woolly worm

Can make a butterfly,

Has always been a mystery

To older folks than I.

Why does a pussywillow grow,

And still remain just that?

Why doesn't it some day become

A pussywillow cat?

It's fun to learn of Nature's ways.

I like her queer disguises.

She entertains the whole wide world

With fairy-like surprises!



## The Dandelion

By HARVEY PEAKE

Oh, Dandelion is my name,

And I am very bold.

My bright green spears are known to fame

As is my shield of gold.

I grow all over everything,

And spread and spread and spread.

Because my tiny seed I fling

O'er lawn and garden bed.

And if you drive me from your yard

With trowel and with hoe,

Outside your gate and by the road

I'll grow and grow and grow.



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

242 ELM ST.,  
MONTPELIER, VT.

Dear Editor: I attend the Unitarian Sunday school almost every Sunday. My teacher's name is Mrs. Boyce and our minister's name is Rev. William S. Nichols. I am thirteen years old and in the seventh grade. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I also would like to correspond with some one of my age, or a few years older, in some other part of the United States or Canada.

Sincerely yours,  
VIRGINIA BRADWAY.

LONG BEACH, CALIF.

Dear Beacon Editor: I am a Unitarian Sunday-school teacher. We have a small class and we would all like to become members of the Beacon Club and wear the pins. My name is Ruth Margaret Hudkins and I am fourteen years old. The names of the pupils are:

CAROL MYERS (7)  
BETTY JEAN (6)  
SYLVESTER BEELER (7)  
ELIZABETH BEELER (9)

513 EIGHTH ST.,  
MARIETTA, O.

Dear Editor: I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy its puzzles. I will be twelve years old the 10th of July. I go to the Washington School and am in the sixth grade. I started going to Sunday school when I was three years old. We have a nice minister and superintendent. Rev. Hal H. Lloyd is our minister and Mr. H. A. Derr is our superintendent. Mrs. Wehrs is my Sunday-school teacher.

Sincerely yours,  
DOROTHY DRUMM.

209 WAIT AVE.,  
ITHACA, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I have been interested in the Beacon Club a long time. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Ithaca. My teacher's name is Mrs. Wood. I am twelve years old and would like to correspond with some boy or girl of my age. I am interested in Girl Scouts and am one. I like stamps.

Sincerely,  
Your Beacon friend,  
JANE HOSMER.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

## The Little Boy of Switzerland

Once upon a time there lived in the country of Switzerland a little boy named Peter. He was very poor and lived in an old broken-down hut on the mountain side. But he had a rich uncle who lived in Berne. Although the uncle hated Peter, Peter loved his uncle.

One day Peter thought he would go to visit his uncle. So he packed his things and went. It was miles and miles to where his uncle lived, but he trudged along bravely. He walked on rocks and stones so much that he cut his feet badly. As he was walking along he saw something shining in the road. He picked it up and what do you think it was? Why, it was a gold dollar. Then he entered the city of Berne and he stopped and bought two big fat rolls and a present for his uncle.

When he arrived, one of his uncle's servants opened the door. He was surprised to see a ragged little boy standing there. But he informed his master about it. When the uncle heard it, he went downstairs and when he saw Peter there he asked him what he wanted. Peter asked him if he could get some work. At first the uncle refused but when he saw the present, which was a warm scarf, Peter had gotten for him, he said, "Well, I guess I can give you a job to help the man who takes care of the horses." Peter gladly accepted this offer at once.

He became a favorite with all the servants around. Lots of them gave him quarters and pennies. He saved all these till he had quite a lot of money, and then he decided to open a store of his own. He made quite a success. Then he was quite a rich young man. At last he married and they had three children and lived happily ever after.

VIVIAN CAMPBELL (Age 10),  
Belmont, Mass.

## Nature's Gold

By EMMA F. BUSH

Golden are the daffodils,  
Gold, the jonquils fine.  
Gold, the nodding buttercups  
In the meadows shine.  
Golden glow the dandelions,  
The daisies' hearts are gold,  
And goldenrod and sunflowers  
Spring golden from the mold.

## Puzzlers

### Cross-Word Enigma

First is in mirth;  
Second in earth;  
Third is in year;  
Fourth is in fear;  
Fifth is in lover;  
Sixth is in cover;  
Seventh in won;  
Eighth is in none;  
Ninth is in Rhine;  
Tenth is in sign.  
In Springtime they're found  
Covering the ground.

A. A. K.

### Twisted Names of Pies

- |                  |              |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1. Plpae         | 6. Emlno     |
| 2. Kpinump       | 7. Hecap     |
| 3. Rubtet-Tsoche | 8. Eatceolho |
| 4. Yererh        | 9. Cenmi     |
| 5. Nisrai        | 10. Hubrabr  |

JANE ANN KIPLINGER.

### Word Diamond

- Last letter of the alphabet;
- A noise made by a cat will be;
- Perhaps this is your sister's name;
- A fisherman of Galilee,  
The father of both John and James;
- A metal piece for splitting wood;
- A general of the Civil War;
- Is found in "cape" but not in  
"hood."

L. D. R.

### Answers to Puzzlers in No. 29

Open Square.—PEP  
E E  
PEP

Letter Addition.—T, at, tea, tear, stare,  
stream, masters.

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